

*Eng. Poetry vol 33*

*The Happy Courtezan: Or, the  
Prude demolish'd.*

A N  
E P I S T L E

From the Celebrated

Mrs. C—— P<sup>k</sup>——,

TO THE

Angelick Signior Far--n--li.

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*Vel hic, vel hæc, vel hoc, et neuter.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the Oxford Arms, in  
Warwick-Lane, 1735.



The Happy Countess: Or, the  
Prude demolished.

A N

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Mrs. C. P.

TO THE

Angelick Signior Far-n-la.

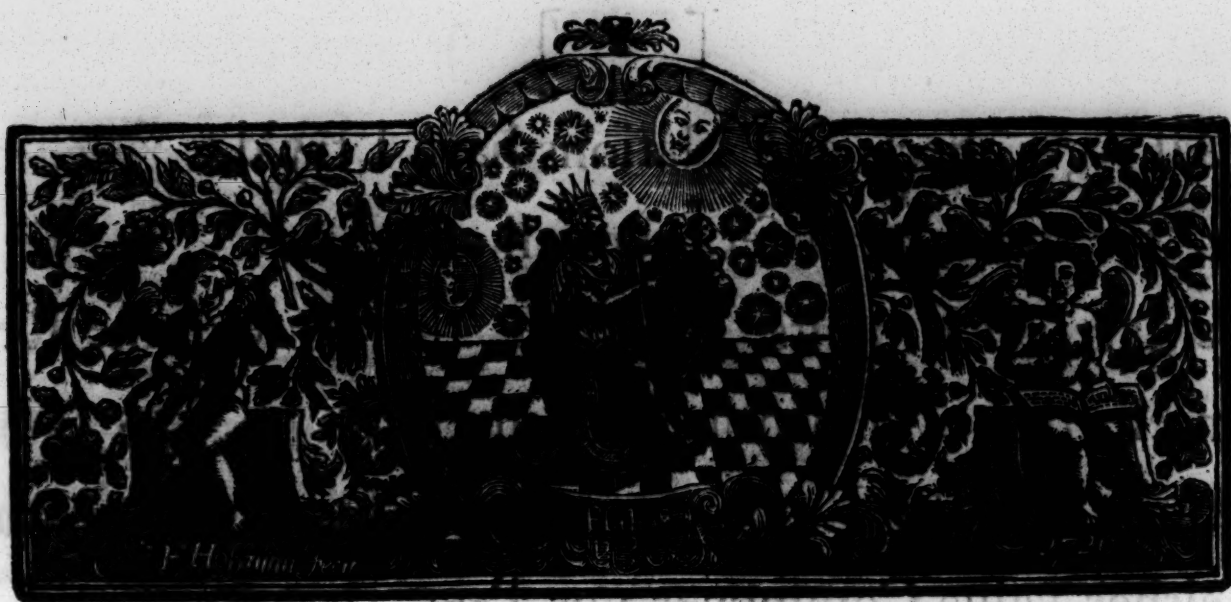
Not his, and his, and his, and his.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Roberts near the Oxford Arms in  
Warwick Lane, 1783.





C ——— P ———,

T O

## Signior Far--n--li.



**H O U!** who dost every Thought and Wish  
controul,

Excuse this frank Dissection of my Soul.

Accept in tend'rest Sense and kindest Part,

The over-flowings of a raptur'd Heart:

A Heart which you alone can only boast,

A British *Bona Roba's*, and a *Toast*.

B

All



All Ages, Sects and Nations have I try'd,  
 But, for thy sake, I set them all aside;  
 The garter'd Knights, the Blue, the Green, the Red,  
 Henceforth I ever banish from my Bed.  
 Entranc'd in thy Embrace, my only Dear,  
 I neither value Commoner nor Peer.

My trusty *Nan* can tell what *Billet-doux*  
 Unopen'd I've return'd, nay still refuse,  
 From Dukes, Earls, Colonels, Captains of renown,  
 The Courtier gay, prim Cit and Purse-proud Clown;  
 Jew Merchants too, the richest in the City,  
 Have offered Settlements exceeding pretty.  
 Yet Money, which all other Mortals prize,  
 For thy dear sake sweet Songster I despise.  
 Had I the Treasure of Earth's spacious Ball,  
 On *F-----li*, I would spend it all.

Then let no jealous Thought thy Mind perplex,  
 Or think of Rivals from that hateful Sex;  
 Men, filthy Fellows! poison to my Sight,  
 Shock to my Senses, and my Soul's affright;

Rough



Rough-bearded Monsters, scrubbing Brushes, Saws!  
 What is a tender Woman in their Paws?  
 Man, like his Brother Brute, the shaggy Bear,  
 Where he attempts to stroke, is sure to tear;  
 His fond Embrace deprives you of your Breath;  
 But if he hugs, he squeezes you to Death.  
 Discord and Thunder, mingle when he speaks,  
 And stunning Noise the Ears thin Membrane breaks.

How fit for Dalliance and for soft Embrace,  
 Is Man, that carries Terror in his Face?  
 With the fierce Lion, can the tim'rous Deer,  
 Play sportive, safe and unpossess'd of Fear?  
 Can we with Pleasure, what we dread enjoy,  
 That very Dread does Love itself destroy.

Such odious Creatures are my constant Jest,  
 L-----, P-----, and M-----, I detest.  
 Ev'n mighty H---d-g---r can only teaze,  
 His waiting Girls have drain'd him to the Lees.

Whilst Thy soft beardless Chin, and blooming Cheek,  
 That tuneful pleasing Sweetness, when you speak;

Those



Those Eyes, which like two sparkling Orbits shine,  
 And pierce thro' ev'ry Breast, as well as mine,  
 Beyond what Words can paint to ev'ry Sense,  
 Thou dost a thousand various Charms dispense.

Fir'd with the Plaudits of the general Voice,  
 I make of Thee my everlasting Choice.  
 If S--n--o I did once enjoy,  
 What's that compar'd to thee? delicious Boy!  
 That was Amusement, this extreme Desire;  
 A Glim'ring He, but Thou a radiant Fire.

Poor S--n--o is at last grown old,  
 Foggy and Fat, and to Love's Pleasures cold,  
 Dispirited and made the Publick Scoff,  
 The very Prudes themselves have cast him off.

Canst thou not guess the Reason why they bring,  
 The Golden Box, the Watch, the Diamond Ring,  
 The Letter Case, the Tweezer set with Stones,  
 And call 'em Offerings to thy useful Tones.

Think'st



Think'st thou for empty Sounds they thus present;  
Thus they give out, but other Things are meant.

'Tis not for thy fweet Voice and warbling Tongue,  
But that thou'rt handsome, vigorous and young;  
These are the Charms that move our British Fair,  
To make such Presents, with so frank an Air:  
They bring still more Oblations to thy Shrine,  
The more the better, so thou still art mine.

They know, that safe with thee they may remain;  
Enjoy Love's Pleasures, yet avoid the Pain:  
Each, blest in thee, continue still a Maid;  
Nor of a Tell-tale Bantling be afraid:  
This, by Experience, know the Prudes full well,  
Who're always virtuous, if they never swell.

Prude R----- does, by Experience know,  
An Eunuch's better than a worn-out Beau:  
And she had Eunuchs tasted, long before  
You e'er set Footing on the *British* Shore.

C

Tho'



Tho' a pure Maid, she's not that silly Sot,  
But *V-----ni* taught her what is what.

Eunuchs can give uninterrupted Joys,  
Without the shameful Curse of Girls and Boys:  
The violated Prude her Shape retains,  
A Vestal in the publick Eye remains;  
Shudders at the remotest shew of Vice,  
And Bashfulness out-blushes, she's so nice:  
With eager Fondness yet can yield her Charms,  
When raptur'd in her darling Eunuch's Arms.

These love the Deed, but seem to hate the Name,  
Indulge Love's Pleasure, but avoid the shame:  
Well knowing Eunuchs can their Wants supply,  
And more than Bragging Boasters satisfy;  
Whose Pow'r to please the Fair expires too fast,  
While *F-----lli* stands it to the last.

The Ox, and castrate Cat, may *Venus* shun,  
And Eunuch Beasts from their fond Females run,

But



But Men, excis'd for am'rous Toils like you,  
 Have pow'r to please your selves, the Ladies too.  
 You for the Fair can feel soft Cupid's Dart?  
 For why, you've humane Eyes, and humane Heart?  
 Are subject to each amorous Mishap,  
 Else how, my Angel! could you get -----.

What tho' you can't acquire a Father's Name,  
 If yet, in all Things else you prove the same ;  
 Your own Desires if you can well appease,  
 And yet the prostrate wishing Fair-one please ;  
 Nor flag beneath the Raptures you dispense,  
 How much do those display their want of Sense,  
 Who scoff at Eunuchs, and dislike a Thing,  
 For being but disburthen'd of its Sting?

Did not fat *Nicolini*, tho' a Clown,  
 Enjoy the greatest Beauties of the Town?  
 Or little *B---d---ti's* Weazle Face,  
 Without some farther Merit in the Case,  
 Would it support him thus, to live at large?  
 Is it the Op'ra? No, The Ladies Charge.

What



What do you think keeps C---r---ni's Chariot  
 His finging? No, He then must mount the Garret ;  
 I hate the squalling Screech-owl like the Devil,  
 And tho' He's humble, I can ne'er be civil ;  
 What ever Musick is propos'd to me,  
*Largo & Sempro Forte* let it be.

Let not the Prudes, that subtle selfish Tribe ;  
 From me my dearest F-----lli bribe.  
 Receive their Presents, but their Love despise,  
 Give them a Civil *thank* ye, me the Prize :  
 Cajole the Wife to rob her feeble Spouse,  
 But do not Thou plant Frontlets on his Brows.  
 Go bid the Widow send her Heirs adrift,  
 Give her one Smile, we'll give her Gold a lift ;  
 Bid the fond Maiden rob her Father's Cash,  
 Take Thou the Treasure, let Her feed on Trash.

In short, sweet Boy ! thy Fortune must be made ;  
 No Matter, let the Tradesman go unpaid ;  
 Let Children starve, let Fathers, Husbands break,  
 'Tis all well done, if done for thy dear sake.

Let



Let ev'ry other Stage but thine go down,  
 Since Thou art Charm enough for all the Town :  
 Let Actors cease to give themselves such Airs,  
 Bid 'em go Stroll, they're well enough for Fairs.  
 And while in Barns Heroicks they're repeating,  
 Their *Drury-House* will make a special Meeting:  
 Or if our active Youths want healthy Sport,  
 There's *Covent Garden* for a Tennis Court.  
 Let Cits complain of *Goodman's Fields* no more,  
 Make it a Throwster's Shop, as 'twas before.

Send every Vagrant 'Prentice to his Master ;  
 Let *Alexander* learn to spread a Plaister:  
 Othello take his Thimble and turn Thief,  
 And teach *Lothario* how to draw a Brief:  
 And let the Man who Murders *Shakespear* dead,  
 To's Stall return and cleave an Ox's Head.

*Statira* can make Mantuas we all know,  
 And *Desdemona* well the Bobbin throw:  
*Calista* has a Voice most shrill and sweet,  
 To warble *Wainfleet Oysters* through the Street ;

D

Or



Or new fresh Herrings, or a Dish of Eels,  
And vend her Ware, if tight about the Heels.

What tho' the Actors all are turn'd adrift,  
There is a thousand Ways for Man to shift.  
To diff'rent Trades each may his Genius bend,  
Some may make Matches, others Bellows mend;  
A Link at Night, a Ball and Brush at Day,  
There's nothing shameful in an honest Way.

By proving kind to Jews and Captains Wives,  
Some may lead very comfortable Lives:  
Others, who can in spelling find a Flaw,  
At *Radcliff* prove good Counsellors at Law.  
The Office Keeper and such Book-learn'd Sparks,  
May serve for Justices or Brewers Clerks:  
For Gentlemen more brave, who want to eat,  
Why there's the Road, the Army, or the Fleet.

But let's at any rate preserve *Francisque*,  
At instant Repartee, so pat so brisk ;

What



What tho' his Troop are but a stroling Crew,  
 It is enough, they're Foreigners, and new;  
 No Matter how Abroad they were esteem'd,  
 With us they're excellent Comedians deem'd:  
 For 'tis the reigning Passion of this Land,  
 To follow what we do not understand.

Ev'n thou whom all so highly idolize,  
 Were thou but English, they'd as much despise;  
 No Native Merit we admit in Arts,  
 But what's transported here from Foreign Parts:  
 Our Hospitality is always shewn,  
 To any Nation's Vagrants, but our own.

This Maxim Men of Figure should observe,  
 To keep Wit humble, Wits should always starve.  
 The Poet now may lay aside his Play,  
 And turn his Genius quite another Way,  
 Compose State Journals, vindicate Sir B O B,  
 Or write against him, if a better Job:  
 Or for the Treasury Erect a Scheme,  
 To pay the Sinking-Fund off, --- in a Dream?

Let



Or if neglected by the scornful Great,  
 Turn Grumbletonian, and arraign the State;  
 Or else in Church Contentions turn and trundle,  
 Now for the B---p, now for Dr. R---.

For those who must be Scribling, right or wrong,  
 Whose Numbers of themselves flow into Song,  
 Let 'em to future Times transmit thy Fame,  
 And deck their Verse with F---li's Name;  
 Whose Party now too formidable grows,  
 For any Sect of Fiddlers to oppose.  
 Thus dost thou reign sole Monarch of the Stage,  
 The Idol of this most harmonious Age.

Directors and Composers should beware,  
 How they approach you with familiar Air:  
 The first should humbly speak, with Cap in Hand,  
 The latter, learn at distance due to stand;  
 While you such daily Acquisitions gain,  
 And clear each Night, what wou'd whole Troops maintain.

And



Your glitt'ring Equipage the Ring shall grace,  
 And to no Man of Quality's give place ;  
 Your Voice shall cast all Mortals in a Trance,  
 Ev'n Things inanimate to that shall Dance :  
 The well-drest Warriour, with the Lady gay,  
 At ev'ry Trill shall faint and die away ;  
 And 'stead of facing Cannon, or his Foes,  
 Shall hold a Smelling-Bottle to his Nose ;  
 And he that would not start at Death, or Fire,  
 Shall like a Girl at thy soft Trill expire.

The Mercer's Wife, that Peacock of the Pit !  
 Who Cheek-by-Jowl with Countesses dare sit,  
 Her Vanity supported by her Ninny,  
 Who robs his Weaver, ev'n of that half Guinea ;  
 Himself more humble, tho' his Spouse so vain,  
 He for a Tester sups in *Ivy-Lane* ;  
 Or with her Pattens does 'mongst Footmen wait,  
 To usher his gay Lady home in State ;  
 And as they foot it, either scold or bill,  
 From *Pall-Mall* Corner quite to *Ludgate-Hill*.



From the remotest Quarters of the Town,  
 Those of the lower Class shall pinch a Crown;  
 To hear Thee Sing, quit Garrets, Stalls, and Cells,  
 And quite forsake their fav'rite *Sadler's-Wells*;  
 Rob the poor Infant of its Sunday Cake,  
 'Till *Pimlico* and *Islington* shall break.  
 Butchers no more to *Hockley-Hole* shall go,  
 But in thy Gall'ry make a gallant Show.

Now all Mankind must to thy Glory own,  
 Thou'lt found the real Philosophick Stone,  
 With this Improvement on the Schemes of old,  
 From Hearts of Flint thy Breath can extract Gold:  
 And those who would not give a Groat to save  
 A dying Friend, or Parent, from the Grave,  
 Can see the Naked, hear the Hungry cry,  
 And pass the Sick, with an unpitying Eye;  
 Strip the poor Tradesman's Shop, and when in need,  
 He asks his due, their Lordly Priv'lege plead:  
 Half starve their Servants, ne'er from Duns be free,  
 And yet can fifty Guineas spare for Thee.



Be Gold Thy Aim, let them on Musick live,  
 Nor cease to sing, until they cease to give.  
 Be thou their Idol Saint, as thou art mine,  
 Let 'em bring all their Treasure to thy Shrine;  
 'Till Heap o'er Heap the massive Piles arise,  
 For splendid Scope of Pleasure full Supplies.  
 Launch out in Pomp when you've sufficient Store,  
 Let 'em your Person, as your Voice adore.  
 In glitt'ring Gems half *India's* Wealth display,  
 And rival *Phæbus* in Meridian Day.

While I, like *Ariadne*, by thy Side,  
 My *Bacchus* thou, my self thy lovely Bride;  
 With Pleasure, and with Pride, shall hear and see  
 The pointing Prudes cry, *That's the happy She!*

I gazing fondly on thy charming Face,  
 Embracing, 'till all envy the Embrace;  
 Each Fair shall wish her Lover warm as thee,  
 Herself as blest in thy Embrace as me.

Flush'd



Flush'd with Success, we'll treasure all their Store,  
 And safe convey it to the *Latian* Shore;  
 There, in the Height of Splendor Greatly live,  
 And Gayly spend what they no more can give.  
 Princes shall envy, but shall not outvye,  
 While we both them and all Mankind defy.

**C. P.**

**F I N I S**





